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# BATTLES OF *Quatre Bras & Waterloo.*

A SELECTION OF
AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE
**PAMPHLETS;**
COMPRISING
LIVES OF GREAT WARRIORS & STATESMEN,
**BATTLES ON SEA & LAND.**
HISTORIES OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES,
*ACCOUNTS OF WONDERFUL EVENTS, SINGULAR CHARACTERS, and NOTORIOUS OFFENDERS*
USEFUL FAMILY RECEIPTS, COOKERY, &c. &c.

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# BATTLES OF
# *Quatre Bras & Waterloo.*

No event ever struck Europe, we may say the world, with such wonder and astonishment, as the sudden appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte on the coast of France, in March 1815,—his subsequent journey to Paris—the diminutive force with which he engaged in this undertaking, and the rapid success which, at first, attended his ambitious designs. With little more than 1100 men, in the space of twenty days, did this extraordinary character find himself in possession of the French capital, and of that throne which he abdicated about twelve months before. It is not our intention to follow him through all these events but only to give a circumstantial account of the battles of Quatre Bras, Ligney, and Waterloo.

But, before proceeding, we shall give a short detail of his leaving Elba, and his journey through

France to Paris. On the 26th February, Napoleon reviewed his little army in Elba, consisting of 700 men of his old guard, 300 Corsicans, and 140 Poles. His fleet consisted of a brig mounting 26 guns, and 6 small transports. With this handful of men, he invaded a kingdom containing 26,000,000 of inhabitants. At eight o'clock they embarked, the firing of a gun being the signal of departure; and they sailed from the harbour enthusiastically shouting "Paris or death." On the 1st of March they entered the gulf of Juan, at a short distance from Frejus. Previous to their landing, he ordered his men to throw the cockade of Elba into the sea, and presented them with the national colours, amid shouts of "The Emperor for ever." At Digne and Cunnes, the peasants flocked from every quarter to join his standard. Leaving the main body of his troops behind him, he proceeded with only 10 horsemen, and 40 grenadiers, and arrived at Gap on the 5th March, where he issued his first proclamation, thousands of which were distributed through the country; and rousing the spirit of the army, by reminding them of the battles of Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Tudela, Eckmuhl, Essling, Wagram, Smolenkso, Moscow, Lutzen, Worken, Montmiral, &c.

On the 6th, Napoleon hastened to Grenoble, but at the village of Mure, he met the advanced guard of the troops from that place who were to oppose him. When he was informed that his progress would be contested, he resolved to put in practice a *ruse-de-guerre*, which does infinite credit to his talents and courage. He proceeded towards the royal troops, accompanied only by two or three officers. When he arrived within pistol-shot, he alighted and advanced to the right of the

battalion, and baring his bosom, thus addressed them:—"Behold me! If there is one soldier among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, let him come forward from the ranks and fire upon me." The effect was instantaneous. The arms of every soldier was hurled to the ground; they eagerly tore off the white cockade, and enthusiastically mounted the national colours, while the air resounded with cries of the "Emperor for ever!" After halting two days at Lyons, Napoleon departed for Paris, where he arrived on the 19th March.

The journey of Bonaparte from Cannes to Paris, has no parallel in history. Every soldier sent against him joined his force. Where resistance seemed for a moment to be threatened, it was disarmed by the sound of his voice. The ascendancy of a victorious leader over soldiers,—the talent of moving armed multitudes by a word,—the inextinguishable attachment of an army to him in whom its glory is concentrated, and embodied was never before so brilliantly and tremendously exemplified. It is, in short, an event of which the scene could have been laid by a romance writer, bold enough to have imagined it, in no other time and country, than France in the year 18 5.

On the 13th June at night, Napoleon quitted Paris to place himself at the head of his troops, and advanced on Belgium. The different corps had been united in the neighbourhood of Beaumont, where he found at his disposal 120,000 of the best soldiers of France; of whom 25,000 were cavalry, and supported by 300 pieces of artillery. Blucher with 80,000 Prussians occupied Charleroi, and the left bank of the Sambre; and General Bulow, with 30,000, was cantoned between Liege and Hannut. The Duke of Wellington's

head quarters was at Brussels, in the neighbourhood of which his army was so disposed that it could be concentrated in 24 hours. The first corps was commanded by the Prince of Orange; the second, by Lord Hill; and the reserve, under Generals Picton and Cole. The army under Wellington, consisted of 38,000 British; 8000 of the German Legion; 14,500 Hanoverians; and the Belgians, Brunswick, and Nassau troops, amounted to 22,000, making a grand total of 82,000 men, of whom 15,000 were on garrison duty.

On the 15th at day-break, the advanced posts of the Prussians were attacked near Thuin, but were forced to retreat, and suffered considerable loss from the numerous cavalry of the French. At Charleroi they made a stand, and attempted to defend the passage of the Sambre, but being closely pursued, they were unable to destroy the bridges. Napoleon commanded this attack in person, and the town was taken and re-taken several times; but about noon the French established themselves in it, having advanced 15 miles. At Fleurus the Prussians having received considerable reinforcements, and Blucher commanding in person, it was determined to retreat no farther. The French made many impetuous attacks on this position, and the contest was continued till sunset, when the French retired to Charleroi, and Blucher occupied Sombref. In this first action, more than 1000 prisoners fell into the hands of the French. The advantages thus gained, induced the soldiers to believe that they were once more invincible, and their confidence in their leader returned, and were ready to follow him even to the cannon's mouth. The Duke of Wellington, and most of the British officers were at a grand ball, given by

the Duchess of Richmond, when intelligence arrived of the advance of the French. Blucher's dispatches announced it as an affair of the outposts. Orders were immediately issued to the troops to be ready at a moment's warning. At midnight a courier arrived, his horse covered with foam, announcing that the affair had become serious—that Charleroi was taken—that the French had advanced to the position which Blucher had determined to defend, and that a general engagement was expected next day.—The drum immediately beat to arms, and in less than three hours, every regiment was on the road to Charleroi. The Duke of Wellington attended by his staff and some squadrons of light horse, having arrived in front of Quatre Bras, he commanded the Prince of Weimar, to join him with his forces, while he awaited the coming up of the regiments from Brussels.

The first and second corps of the French army, under Marshall Ney, were ordered to advance on Quatre Bras, and attack the British; while Napoleon with his whole force, went against the Prussians. Profiting by their numbers, the French attacked some battalions of the British who were separated from the main body, and almost annihilated them. A corps of Belgians was ordered to advance with the 42d regiment, to assist another detachment, and whether occasioned by the ardour with which that regiment rushed to the fight, or the reluctance of the Belgians, the two battalions were seperated, and a column of French lancers, who were lying in ambush, concealed by hedges, and high standing corn, rushed upon them. Colonel Macara ordered the regiment which was advancing to form into a square; but in performing this evolution, two companies were in the act of falling in, when the lancers charged,

and in a moment cut them to pieces. Encouraged by this, they charged on the square, and succeeded in cutting down great numbers. The Colonel was killed, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, who was also wounded by a musket ball, rallied the regiment, and awaited another attack. The lancers again rushed furiously on, and though repulsed, did much execution. The Lieutenant-Colonel fainted from loss of blood, and the next senior officer took the command. Again the lancers precipitated themselves on the Highlanders, but not a man thought of retreating; and it was not until the regiment was reduced to less than a tenth of its original number, that the enemy was put to flight. The Prince of Orange was surrounded and made prisoner; but a battalion of Belgians rushed to his relief, and rescued him from the enemy. The Prince tore off the ensignia of his order and threw it among them, exclaiming, "There, my brave fellows! you have all deserved it." They fastened the star to their colours, and shouting, "The Prince for ever!" swore to defend it to the last man.

Protected by their numerous cavalry, and artillery, the French succeeded in forcing the British positions, and penetrated to the village of Quatre Bras. Some squadrons of Brunswick horse, had attempted to stem the torrent; but were rapidly forced to retreat, and were closely pursued by the French through the village, when the 92d regiment, which lined a ditch, poured on the French, who were almost at the muzzles of their guns an unexpected volley, which destroyed every man in the direction of their fire. The few who were in advance rushed on and reached the spot where Wellington was stationed, but they were to a man either killed or taken. The 92d now leaped from

the ditch to charge in their turn. As they rose a volley was poured upon them by a mass of infantry. The staff of the regimental colours was shattered to pieces, and the Ensign shot through the heart; but the impetuosity of that regiment was not to be restrained. The enemy was protected by a house and garden, which they cleared and pursued the them to the skirts of a wood. In this short space of time, the 92d lost 300 men, and 4 commanding officers was killed or wounded. The 33d regiment, after suffering severely from artillery, was broken by a charge of cavalry, and driven into a wood with an immense loss. The French followed, and were making themselves masters of the wood, when the guards arrived on the field, and though worn out with hunger and fatigue, having marched nearly twelve hours, they formed into line—charged the enemy, and drove them again into the plain; but their line had become irregular, and on coming from the wood, a division of infantry was ready to receive them. The guards waited not to form into line, but darted forward to the new contest. The French recoiled from the shock; but Ney seeing that they were unsupported, ordered his cavalry to charge them. All attempts to form a square was in vain, and they retreated into the forest. Protected by the wood, they rallied and poured on them a destructive fire, and sent them in disorder from the field.

The 28th regiment was attacked by a large body of cuirassiers and lancers, and being quickly formed into a square, long fired from three sides, one on the lancers, and the other two on the cuirassiers. In vain they charged upon them, but although great numbers fell, no opening was left for the cavalry to penetrate; and at length by their

incessant, deliberate, and murderous fire, they completely repulsed them. After this they advanced in square against a mass of infantry, pierced their centre, and routed them; then deploying, they charged in line, and cleared the front of the skirmishers which covered the retreat of the main body. All was now complete confusion with the enemy.

On the morning of the 16th June, Napoleon advanced against Blucher, with an army amounting to 80,000 men. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the engagement began by the division of General Le Fol attacking the village of St Amand, and carrying it at the point of the bayonet. General Gerand proceeded to attack Ligny, and here a murderous scene commenced. The troops of Napoleon succeeded in establishing themselves in part of the village, while all their efforts could not drive the Prussians from the remaining part, and the Prussians were unable to dislodge their opponents. Every house was fortified—every hedge became a military station. The combatants were so in contact with each other, that they had scarcely room to manœuvre, and as the ranks thinned on either side, the void was filled with fresh troops. This scene continued 5 hours; and quarter was neither given or taken. Nearly 200 pieces of cannon played on the village the whole afternoon, and scattered destruction amid the troops, who filled every part of the place, till at length the dead formed a defence for the combatants. At one time victory inclined to the Prussians. Blucher led on a battalion of infantry in person, possessed himself of the village of St Amand, seized on a height from whence the Prussians had been driven on an early part of the day, and once more established his batteries there, which had a most destructive

effect on the squares of the French. Napoleon, seeing the importance of this position, dispatched column after column against it, till at length the Prussians were forced to retire, and the French possessed themselves of it, from whence they could not be dislodged.

The fortune of the day was now evidently in favour of Napoleon. The Prussians slowly retreated, and often turned upon their foes, and repulsed their impetuous charges. In one of the charges of cavalry, which now took place, Blucher had a narrow escape. Having led on one of the regiments to the charge, which was unsuccessful, his horse was struck by a musket ball and fell. Blucher was stunned by the violence of the fall. The French cuirassiers charged by him at full speed, and perceived him not in the ardour of pursuit. The Prussians missing him, turned on the instant, and made a charge so furious as to repel the French beyond where he lay, and rescued him from the perils with which he was threatened. The whole of the Prussian army was now in full retreat, and at 10 o'clock the firing had completely ceased. The loss of the Prussians, in this battle was from 15,000 to 20,000 men. The French acknowledged their loss at 8000, but the actual number was at least 12,000.

At 3 o'clock of the morning of the 17th, the British and allied armies were under arms, when a courier arrived with dispatches for the Duke of Wellington, announcing the retreat of the Prussians upon Wavre. In consequence of which a retreat was ordered, and before 11 o'clock the whole army was on the great road which leads to the forest of Soignies. For a considerable time Napoleon was diverted with the appearance of the strong rear-guard he saw at the entrance of the

woods which led to far the main body of the British. At length his troops marched forward and, to their utter astonishment, found that the army had retired, and were then considerably in advance on the road to Brussels. In their march, the wind blew extremely loud, the rain fell heavy and incessant, and the roads, which were covered with a thick clay, could scarcely be traversed even by cavalry, which rendered their retreat slow and fatiguing. The honour of being rear-guard was conferred on the 7th Hussars. This regiment, formed into 3 squares, and placed at equal distances from one another, retired alternately at a walk, during which their skirmishers were warmly engaged with those of the enemy. Their mode of fighting was done in a very spirited manner. The first squadron, facing the French horsemen, gave their fire, and retired behind the third; the second, following the same manœuvre, retired behind the first; and the third behind the second, and so on, keeping up a front, and an almost constant fire on the enemy. At 5 o'clock, the British army arrived at its destined position. The extremity of the right wing was stationed at Merke Braine, and the left on the rising ground above the hamlet of Terda Haye, with the view of keeping up a communication with the Prussians. The night of the 17th was dreadful. The rain fell in torrents, and the most brilliant flashes of lightning ever seen illumined the adjacent scenery. The soldiers were up to the knees in mud. In the morning, their limbs were stiffened by the cold and wet, and they were unable to move.

Notwithstanding the fury of the weather, Napoleon brought up his army during the night, and his artillery consisting of more then 300 pieces. When he came into the field in the morning, he

expressed much surprise that the British had maintained their ground, and exclaimed with joy, "Ah! I have them, then, these English."

After some skirmishing between the picquets, the French commenced the engagement with a furious attack upon the wood and garden of Chateau Hougoumont, which was occupied by General Bing's brigade of Guards. It was a point of particular importance to the enemy to gain this post, as it commanded a great part of our position; and accordingly it was furiously and incessantly assailed by large and reinforced bodies. Napoleon himself directed a charge of the Imperial Guards against it; but even fighting under the eye of their leader they were broken, repulsed, and finally cut to pieces, by the British Guards. In the meantime, to prevent Wellington from sending reinforcements to Hougoumont, the action was briskly commenced through the whole line. Columns of French infantry and cavalry, preceded by artillery, advanced from every point, ascended an eminence on which our troops were placed, and precipitated themselves on their squares. In vain the French artillery mowed down whole ranks of their opponents; the chasms were instantly filled, and not one foot of ground was lost. "What brave troops!" exclaimed Napoleon, "it is a pity to destroy them, but I shall beat them at last."

A strong body of the enemy advanced, amid the destructive fire of the British artillery, without discharging a shot, determined to carry the position. Sir Thomas Picton waited not for their attack, but, forming his division into a solid square, advanced to the charge. The French were appalled by this boldness; they hesitately fired a volley, and then fled. Sir Thomas Picton received a musket ball in his temple, and died on the spot

A column of 4000 bore down on the position occupied by the 92d, which was now reduced to 260 men. They did not wait for the attack, but forming themselves into line, charged on the centre of the column, and broke through it. The Scots Greys, profiting by the confusion, dashed in at the opening. The two regiments cheered each other, shouting, "Scotland for ever!" and the whole were either destroyed or taken prisoners. A body of French cavalry now advanced, with the cuirassiers at their head, to save their infantry; but the Greys being reinforced by a brigade of heavy dragoons, a most dreadful engagement of cavalry now took place, when they again forced them to retreat with the loss of 2000 men, and two imperial eagles. The standards were wrested from them, on one of which was inscribed the names of Jena, Austerlitz, Wagram, and Friedland, it belonged to the 45th, called the Invincibles; the other belonged to the 104th. Serjeant Ewart, of the Greys, took the one; and Corporal Stiles, of the Royals, took the other.

Napoleon again changed the object of his attack, and, bringing up a numerous body of fresh troops, directed them on the farm of La Haye Saint. This was a point as important to carry as either the position of Hougoumont or Ter La Haye. If he was successful here, he would break the British line, and cut off the retreat of Wellington to Brussels. Both parties felt the importance of this position, and nobly exerted themselves, the one to carry, and the other to defend it. As the respective battalions engaged were weakened or destroyed, perpetual reinforcements occupied their places. At length the ammunition of the Allies was expended, and the enemy penetrated to the farm. Yet even then the German Legion scorned to yield;—they

desperately defended themselves with the bayonet nor was the position carried until all its defenders had ceased to breathe.

Fortune now seemed to smile on the French. Napoleon seized the advantage with promptness and, pressing on with immense masses of infantry and cavalry, attacked the centre, which was exposed. The cuirassiers and lancers rushed on at the head of the columns, and precipitated themselves on the British squares. A few battalions who were slow in their evolutions, were cut to pieces; but when the squares were formed, the enemy could make no impression. In vain, with unexampled courage, did the French cavalry wheel round the British squares to dash in at the least opening. Numbers of them rushed on, and nobly sacrificed themselves by receiving the fire of their opponents, while the main body waited to charge when they were reloading their pieces, or filling up the chasms. Some squadrons of the French penetrated through the squares, and desperately charged the position which the Duke of Wellington and his staff occupied, intending to signalize themselves by his death or capture. His personal escort was frequently engaged with the enemy.

The British cavalry now took part in the action and fiercely charged the cuirassiers, lancers, and chasseurs, who had penetrated the line. They were at length driven from the eminence which they had carried, the farm of La Haye was taken and the combatants again occupied their former positions.

Lord Somerset, noticing the proceedings of the enemy, who now coolly walked their horses round and round our infantry, and interrupted the fire of our artillery to some extent, immediately proposed to Sir John Ormsby to lead his brigade against them.

—Permission was accordingly obtained of the Commander, and Sir John resolved to accompany him. This brigade, consisting of the first and second regiments of life guards, the first regiment of dragoon guards, and the blues, set off at full speed, and crossed the ridge with so much force and fury, that the cuirassiers, notwithstanding their weight and armour, and the power of their horses, were altogether unable to withstand them, being literally rode down, both horse and man, while the strength of our soldiers was no less conspicuous when they mingled hand to hand. The French consequently fled, and in their flight hundreds of them were forced over an old quarry, where they rolled, in undistinguishable mass of men and horses. Sir John Elley was himself distinguished for his personal prowess.—He was at one time encircled by several of the cuirassiers, but being a tall and powerful man, he cut his way out, leaving some of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds, which evinced the uncommon strength of the arm that inflicted them.

In the middle of the conflict, the Royals, Greys, and Enniskillens, with Sir William Ponsonby at their head, flew past, dispersing other divisions in their course, and, with a temerity of which we have no example, threw themselves along a train of artillery of 30 pieces, causing the cannoneers to abandon their guns, and for some time intimidating all within their view. But the French General Milhaud, with his cuirassiers on the one side, and General Travers coming round on the other with the 4th regiment of lancers, fell upon them.—Then, indeed, in the midst of the carnage which was the subject of dispute, commenced a contest, to which history can produce few parallels;—nor can the boldest imagination picture any thing more ter-

rible!—every soldier on either side seemed to remember nothing but the glory of his country: when, by dexterity or good fortune, he had cut down his opponent, his eyes glared around in search of one worthy of his victorious arms!—The whole might be called a series of single combats, in which the noblest blood of the rival armies profusely flowed, and horses, wounded or dead, lay on every side in the greatest confusion—Victory at last declared for our cavaliers. The royals and Enniskillens drew in their reins, and returned to their memorable stance; but the greys pursued, cutting their way through the enemy's lines; and of this there cannot be a doubt, for the following day, several of them were found lying beside their horses, a considerable way even beyond their second line. In this imprudent, though brave pursuit, the gallant Sir William Ponsonby lost his life.

The fire of our artillery was soon after this resumed, and again abandoned, as circumstances required. The operations proved always dreadful to the advancing and retiring French. Their cannon was likewise terrible to us. When the moment permitted they were let off, and being in some places ranged within the space of a few hundred yards, carried devastation to the very heart of our squares. "Yet, under such a fire," said a general officer, "did these gallant men close their files over the bodies of their dead and dying comrades and resume, with stern composure, that close array of battle which, their discipline and experience taught them, afforded the only means of defence."

There now commenced an uninterrupted series of attacks, through the whole line, but principally on the centre, sometimes with infantry, at other times with cavalry, and then with both united while nearly three hundred pieces of artillery played

on every part of the British position. The slaughter was dreadful; yet it would have been greater had not the ground been thoroughly soaked with the rain. On this account the shots seldom rose after they had once touched the ground, and they never bounded along as when the ground is dry. The shells likewise frequently buried themselves, and when they exploded, produced no other effect than casting up a tremendous fountain of mud.

The combat had continued with unabated fury nearly six hours, and almost one third of the allied force was killed or wounded. The Prussians so long and ardently wished for, did not yet arrive. The Duke began to fear that they had been employed or defeated by the French corps which had been left to observe them.

In maintaining our position, and when the Duke of Wellington saw that uncommon efforts were necessary, he had frequent recourse to his encouraging tone of speech. His short phrases are still in the recollection of the officers who were near him, and repeated with a proud feeling of the time and remembrance of the place where they stood. On hearing the balls whistling about him, when in rear of the tree, which will be known by his name to generations after us, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, who was beholding some well contested sport, "That's good practice; I think they fire better than in Spain;" and when many of his best and bravest friends had fallen, and the results of the battle doubtful, to those who remained he said, "Never mind, we'll win the battle yet." In surveying other parts, where, perhaps, was the mightiest pressure for the time, he would speak with such confidence, as never failed to rouse the energy of even drooping minds—giving them spirit

to meet their numerous opponents, and strength to fight them with ease and success. On one occasion, he rode up to 95th, then in front of the line, a little to the left of La Haye Saint, and seeing them on the point of receiving the charge of a column of French, said, "Stand fast, 95th, we must not be beat; what would they say in England?" Then placing himself at their head, charged and repulsed a very superior force. As to the cavalry, it would be difficult to say which of them excelled; but be that as it may, by their united efforts, they bore down their veteran enemy, although clad in mail, and in possession of that high mind which devoted them to honour and their country. In the conflict of La Belle Alliance the Marquis of Anglesea was frequently with the life guards. At the commencement of a charge, he would say, "Now for the honour of the household troops!" and as often had he occasion to praise them for their valour—the dragoon guards and blues were equally gallant in the important fight. "Look," he would say at other times, to those about him, when viewing the romantic charges of the Scotch greys, the royals and Enniskillens, "those brave fellows will get themselves cut to pieces." The light cavalry were excellent in pursuit, and were scarcely ever unsuccessful, even in their encounter with the enemy's heavy horse; but their chief employment was in pursuing cavalry, when broken by either of the heavy brigades, as then, a dragoon was heard to say, "we had nothing to do, you know, but ride with them and work away!"

The reserves of the Duke of Wellington were now all in action, and the French reserves were not yet brought forward. His troops were diminished in numbers and worn out with fatigue. The brave Scotch division was reduced from six-

thousand to less than two thousand men. The sixth division had been almost destroyed without firing a gun. The spirits of the soldiers began to droop, and it required the utmost exertion of the officers to prevent them from yielding to despair. They scorned the thought of retreat; they were even eager to be led against the enemy: but thus to stand and be mundered without resistance, was more than they could bear. They were tired of having nothing to occupy their attention, but the dreadful roar of the artillery, the fall of their companions around them, and the mournful cries of the wounded. An indifference of life was fast spreading through their ranks, and they resigned themselves to their fate, without an effort to avoid it. The mind of the British commander was a prey to the most anxious suspense. He feared that success was more than doubtful. Should another hour pass, and Blucher not appear, the battle was inevitably lost. Yet he was cool, collected, and apparently cheerful; and while one regiment continued at its post, he would not resign the contest. An aide-de-camp now came with the information that the fifth division was almost destroyed, and that it was utterly impossible that they could longer maintain their ground. "I cannot help it," said he, "they must keep their ground with myself to the last man. Would to God! that night or Blucher were come."

Napoleon was furious at the obstinate resistance of the British. He incessantly took snuff in large pinches from his waistcoat pocket, violently snuffing up half, and throwing the rest from him with a strong extension of the arm. "These English are devils," said he, "will they never be beaten?" A moment afterwards he added, "I shall beat them yet, but it is a pity to destroy such

brave troops." He then turned to Soult. "How well these English fight! but they must soon give way; don't you think so?" Soult, who had some experience of British courage and firmness, replied, that, "He doubted whether they would ever give way." "Why?" quickly and somewhat indignantly asked Napoleon. "They will suffer themselves to be cut to pieces first," was the answer which terminated the conversation.

The frequency and impetuousness of his attacks were now redoubled, and he began to expose himself to the thickest of the fire. Although no credit is to be given to the accounts of the desperation with which he sought every danger, and his apparently firm determination to die upon the field; yet he evinced much personal courage, and was always collected, and in full possession of the inexhaustable resources of his genius. Seeing the guide frequently flinch at the shower of shot that fell around them, he said, "Do not stir, my friend; a ball will kill you equally in the back as the front, and wound you more disgracefully."

An officer now approached with the intelligence that the Prussians were advancing in the rear of his right wing. Napoleon would not believe the possibility of the fact; but when he heard the fire of the Prussian light troops, and saw some of their battalions debouching from the woods, he suddenly turned pale, but said not a word. For a while he mused in silence. He felt the critical situation in which he now was placed, and not believing that the main body of the Prussians could come up for some hours, he hoped that success was yet in his power. He determined to attack the weakest part of the British line with his whole concentrated force, and thusendeavour to beat the Duke

before his reinforcements could arrive. Leaving, therefore, the sixth corps to keep the Prussians in check, he brought forward the whole of the cavalry of his guard, and directed it on the centre of the British position. The shock was irresistible. The allied armies gave way; the heights were carried, and several of the guns were in the power of the French. But the Duke of Wellington was on the spot, and all was soon repaired. He placed himself at the head of some English and Brunswickers. He addressed to them a few sentences, which he well knew how to inflame their ardour, and led them against the enemy, who, flushed with success, were proudly advancing to the very rear of his lines. In a moment the victory was rescued from their grasp. The artillery which they had taken was abandoned in haste, and they fled with precipitation.

In the meantime the troops of Count Lobau had repulsed the advanced guard of the Prussians, and driven them again into the woods. Without weakening his first line, or disabling himself from continuing his murderous charges against the centre of the British, he had dispatched nearly one hundred pieces of cannon, and the whole of the reserve of his right wing against the Prussians. Animated by this success, and at the same time sensible how necessary it was for him to avail himself of it, Napoleon caused it to be anounced to his troops that General Grouchy approached, and would cut to pieces the few Prussians who were covering on his right; then putting himself at the head of his guard, consisting of fifteen hundred men, he made one last desperate effort on the centre of the British. He led them on till he came to a hollow part of the road, where he stopped under a ravine, protected from the fire of the

British artillery. Here he harangued his troops. He reminded them how often he had relied on their valour in cases of emergency, and that he had never yet appealed to them in vain. He told them that the enemy, diminished in numbers and almost annhilated, could offer no effectual resistance that they had nothing to encounter but an artillery, which was indeed numerous and formidable, but which they would easily carry with the bayonet. They answered with a shout of enthusiasm, and the cry of "The Emperor for ever!" was distinctly heard as far as the British lines.

The Allies imagined that Napoleon was about to attack them in person, and far from being intimidated, rejoiced that they would have an opportunity of shewing him of what the soldiers of Wellington were capable. The Emperor, however, remained secure under the rising bank, and his brave and devoted troops defiled before him under the command of Ney, and ascended the eminence.

They marched on with a firm and steady step, and in dead silence. The fate of the battle; the fate of Europe depended upon them. The fire of the Allies abated; and with indescribable feelings of anxiety, awe, and admiration, they contemplated the approach of the chosen troops of France, the battalions who were the terror of Europe, and who had never yet been vanquished. But the pause was only momentary. Every cannon seemed to open at once on the foe, and swept whole ranks away. As the front ranks fell, others in an instant rushed forward to fill up the chasms, and with stern and unbroken front, the imperial guard continued to advance.

In a hollow of the ground, immediately in front of the French, and protected from the fire of their artillery, lay a regiment of the British guards

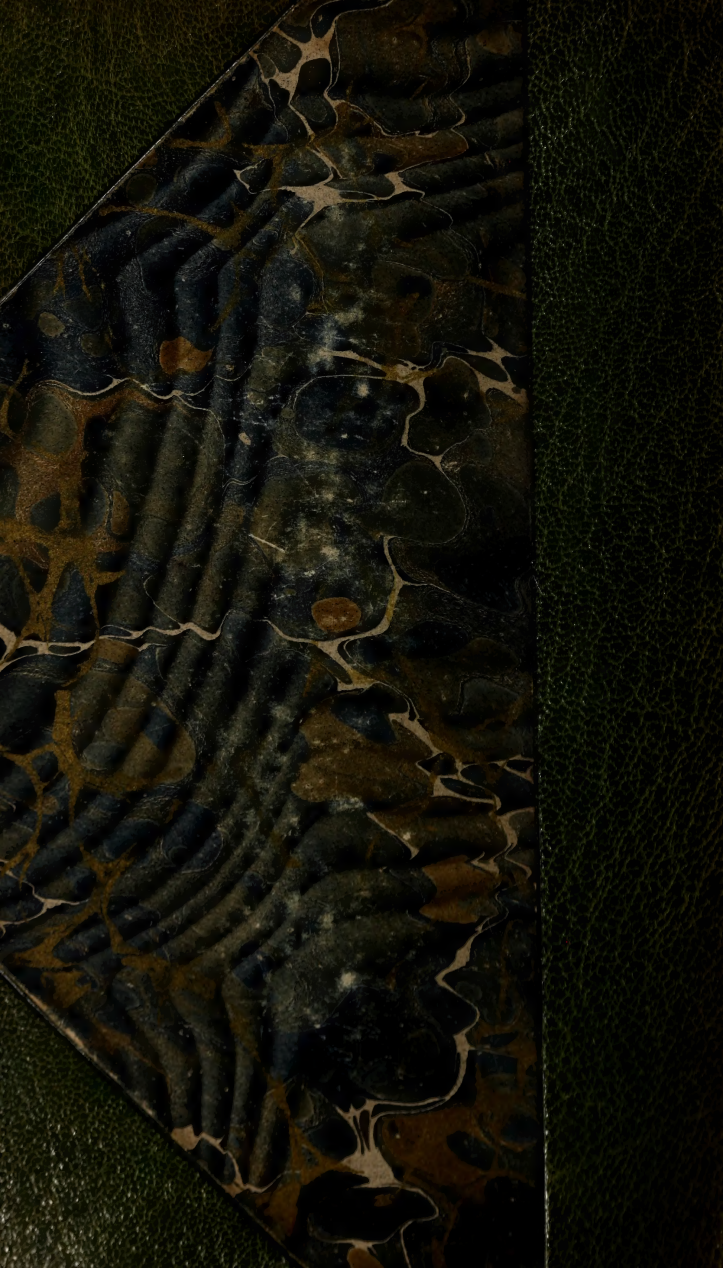
The Duke of Wellington was close behind them. He had placed himself on a ridge, and declared that he would not move from it. This was suffi-cient to render his troops invincible. They would now, as Soult had justly declared, rather have suf-fered themselves to be cut to pieces, than expose their beloved commander to peril.

The redoubted imperial guard still advanced. They approached within a hundred yards, when the Duke suddenly exclaimed, "Up guards, and at them." The unexpected apparition of this fine body of men startled the French battalions, and they suddenly paused; but immediately recovering themselves, they advanced more rapidly. At a given signal, their artillery filed off to the right and the left. They approached within twenty yards of their opponents, and were in the act of dashing upon them with the bayonet; when a volley was poured upon them by the British which staggered them, and literally knocked them back with its shock. A second volley threw them into greater confusion, and ere they had time to deploy or to manœuvre, the British cheered and rushed furi-ously upon them. They waited not to receive the attack, but suddenly turning fled in disorder.

The British were eagerly pursuing, when a regi-ment of sharp-shooters, which had accompanied and protected the advancing column, attacked them, and did considerable execution; but the British immediately rallied, and again cheering as before, charged on their new antagonists. They likewise refused to receive the shock, and followed the route of their companions. Again the French rallied, and opened a galling and destructive fire on their pursuers, but as soon as they were within charging distance uniformly gave way.

The main body of the Prussians had now ar-rived, though they were bravely opposed by the

troops of General Lobau. The countenance
Wellington brightened into a smile. "There go
old Blucher at last," he exclaimed. "We sha
beat them yet." The decisive moment had a
rived, and the Duke promptly availed himself
it. He ordered the whole line supported by t
artillery and cavalry to charge. His troops repli
with one universal shout and hastened to the a
tack. Nothing could resist their impetuosit
The French fought with bravery and desperatio
but their first line was speedily broken throug
the second afforded little more resistance, and co
plete confusion and route ensued.

Four squares of the old imperial guard yet r
mained. With these Napoleon endeavoured
cover his retreat, which was now inevitable; b
they were embarrassed and borne away by t
crowd of fugitives, and unable to resist the ov
whelming force of the English and Prussians whi
now pressed upon them. They defended the
selves with a gallantry which excited the admi
tion of their foes. The Duke of Wellington wou
have prevented the useless sacrifice of their liv
and summoned them to a surrender. But, wi
a high sense of military honour, which we are co
pelled to regard with respect and veneratio
though we think that it was here erroneous a
overstrained, they refused to yield, and slow
retreating inch by inch, were almost entirely a
nihilated.

With their destruction the contest ended
further resistance was opposed; and the co
querors had little more to do, than to pursue t
fugitives. The loss of the British was from 15
20,000 men; the Prussian 5 or 6000. The lo
of the French in the short campaign was at le
60 or 65,000 killed, wounded, or prisoners. Mo
than 300 pieces of artillery were taken.